MEETING THE GREAT STORM.

A Night in the Air with the Wind Blowing Sixty Miles an Hour.

A Woman's Exciting Adventures in Farmer Dunn's Weather Shop Thursday Night.

Almost Blown Away When She Climbed the Slender Signal Tower Stairway.

NEW YORK SEEN THROUGH RED GLASS

Strange Mysteries Perched on Top of the Equitable Building, in Lower Broadway, When the Gale Howls Loudest.

THURSDAY night the storm burst upon New York City. Up in a strange place, on the top of the Equitable Building, scientific men with instruments met it, and measured it and classified it.

What a queer place it is, up in Farmer Dunn's castle! When you go there in the day time the entrance is innocent enough, goodness knows, with his big, wide open, hospitable door on Broadway, but when you go at night you are looked at suspiciously and are made to sign your name in a big book.

And then you are escorted into an elevator, a man slams its door very hard, and you go up and up and up and ever upward until you think Farmer Dunn must be a god, he lives so high. Finally you stop. My guide tells me that there are still a few miles more, and I shall have to walk them. And he conducts me to a spiral stairway and still up I go and round and round and round. With thumping heart and heaving chest I reach the top. I burst open the door and, horrors! down I go. I have only one thought, "Must I go down as far as I came up?"

But no, in a second it is all over. I have only fallen down two little inside steps, and land at the feet of a bashful young clerk who is working away at a map of the United States, covering it with curved lines and figures and a lot of other things. He laughs at the funny spectacle I present.

"Mr. Dunn?" I say questioningly as I regain my feet.

"One flight up."

"More stairs!" I exclaim with a groan. So wearily I climb my way further upward until I find myself face to face with a pleasant, kindly-faced men, who, with courteous dignity, acknowledges that he is the man for whom so long and wearily I have searched. I look around at the cozy, cheerful little office and, as I sink into an armchair, feel that I have at last reached a haven of rest.

"Are we in heaven?" I ask, wearily.

"Oh, no," says he cheerfully, "we're only part way up the tower."

"Only part up," I groan in despair.

He smiles. "Oh, we get used to that here."

I tell him that I have come to spend a night in his castle of his, and I have come to see the Giant Storm, whose arrival Farmer Dunn has foretold.

"Well, you're welcome," says Mr. Dunn, "I'm only sorry that I can't remain here with you; but I have to lecture in Brooklyn to-night."

"What about?" I ask, innocently.

"The weather, of course," he replies.

His den is a cozy little place, indeed, with funny little round windows, from which may be seen glimpses of dark clouds and the mist-shrouded bay. Through the centre of the room runs that everlasting spiral staircase.

"It's time to light the signal lamps," he says, "to give warning of the approach of the storm. It will be a big one. Let us go up."

I look at him reproachfully. "Is there no end to that?" I ask, and I point to this spiral staircase.

He smiles indulgently. "You wish to encounter the monster Storm," says he, "and yet you tremble at a few more flights—come."

So up we go.

"Did the Lexow Committee ever visit you?" I asked, as we trailed our weary way upward.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Dunn, half indignantly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I saw so many newspaper editorials inviting them to go 'higher up,' I ventured.

I heard a sepulchral laugh, and started back. It was only the voice of Mr. Dunn, who was about twenty miles further up the staircase. I quickened my lagging steps and soon joined him with joy, on the very top of that everlasting staircase. Again we were in a big round room, with sides covered with glass, through which we could see the great city spread out before us. I started back in astonishment.

"The city is on fire," I cried. "The whole world is on fire." Far below us chimneys belched forth flame and smoke. The rivers and bay were gory red. On one side Jersey City, on the other Brooklyn, seemed wrapt in flame. Even the heavens above us were afire.

"You're in the storm signal," he says.

And then I saw that we were really in a cage of red glass, which explained, of course, the lurid appearance of the surrounding country as seen through it.

In the centre of the room hung several immense electric lamps.

"I guess it's time to send forth a warning," said Mr. Dunn. He turned a lever, and in an instant the room is flooded with a dazzling light. There was a hissing and a sizzing and a cracking. It was a strange sensation, standing there high above the earth, in the very midst of this ball of fire that was sending for miles and miles a warning to men on land and on sea.

I could hear the wind whistling around us, and could see the clouds go scudding by.

"It is the advance guard of the storm," said Mr. Dunn. "It will be here soon. Let us go out to meet it."

He opened a glass door. There was a rush of wind that almost blew me off my feet. To my horror, Mr. Dunn deliberately stepped out into space. I waited to hear his dying shriek, expecting that he had fallen to the earth below. Instead, I heard his cheerful voice asking me to follow him. The door slammed behind us. We were out there in the night on a tiny iron balcony—two little specks of humanity that couldn't be seen from the streets below.

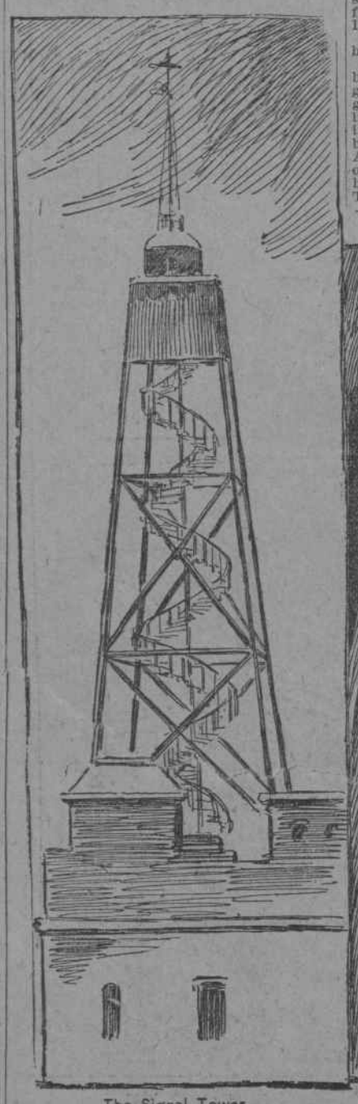
Not a sound but the rushing of the wind. The great city at our feet seemed sound asleep. When I had left the street there was still the noise of lumbering wagons and clanging cable cars and the thousand and one other sounds that are never hushed in the streets of the great metropolis. But up here these sounds did not reach. Far below us the cable cars crawled along like glow worms, silently and slowly. There were people in the streets, I suppose, but to us they seemed like little ants crawling along, without aim or purpose. Far as the eye could reach there were millions of twinkling lights that grew fainter and fainter toward the horizon. Sleeping earth lay decked in all her jewels of diamonds and sapphires and rubies. Far below us were millions and millions of people, each with his sorrows, with his joys, his ambitions and his disappointments, yet what knew we of them all? We were, indeed, in another world, or, rather, we were out of the world. We were in the land of giants—two tiny human beings, insignificantly small, but armed with all-powerful science. The sight was fascinating, and with reluctance I followed my companion back to the warmth and cheerfulness of his office.

"And now I must go," said he.

I bade him and his assistant, Mr. Eden Emery, good-night, and saw them disappear down into the depths.

The office was now in charge of Mr. James Bradley and Mr. Nicholas Martin. I had a thousand questions to ask them, but they were very busy studying the instruments that registered the temperature, atmospheric pressure and the velocity of the wind, and receiving telegrams from all over the country that gave warning of the progress of the dreaded storm.

I sat in my big arm-chair and lazily watched them working away so quietly and earnestly. I wasn't sure whether there



The Signal Tower.

were two of them or a dozen, but I noticed that suddenly their faces turned pale, and with shrieks of terror they dropped their instruments and ran, leaving me alone to confront a horrible monster which seemed to descend through the roof. I was speechless with terror. The monster's one big red eye glared fiercely at me. From his nostrils streamed fire and smoke.

I knew him at once. It was the storm giant. He towered over me and laughed as I crouched in terror at his feet. I can hear that wild and demoniacal shriek still. He stretched out his huge arms toward me, and in a minute I could feel my life being crushed out.

And then I awoke. The two young men were still at work at their desks—there was no monster. But one part of my dream was true, for the big barometer that hung against the wall was trembling violently, the windows were rattling; the giant was, indeed, close upon us.

"Did you have a pleasant sleep?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Very," I said. I was ashamed to tell him of my nightmare.

Mr. Martin was earnestly watching an instrument which he told me was the triple self-register, which records the velocity and direction of the wind, the amount of rainfall, and, in the daytime, the sunshine, or rather, the presence of obstructing clouds. He explained that the wind was coming from the northeast, bringing with it rain, and was rapidly increasing in velocity.

"Ting-a-ling," the telephone begins to ring.

"I guess the newspapers are getting anxious," said Mr. Martin, as he went to the 'phone.

"Yes, yes—Weather Bureau—yes, storm is coming here at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour—and will be in full blast before morning. Yes—warmer weather expected." And so on he went, giving the prognostications for the morrow.

And then "Tick, tick, tick," the telegraph messages began to come in.

"Wires down west of Chicago," shouted Martin as he listened to the instruments. "Heavy rain and high winds in Southern Ohio. Storm centre rapidly approaching. Barometer falling in Pittsburg. Snowing hard west of Chicago."

And so it went on. The wires from all over the country recorded the ravages of the fierce monster, and as I heard the tale of destruction I began to think of my dream.

As the messages were called off Mr. Bradley made notes on a big map spread before him.

"Click, click, click," go the telegraph wires. "Wires down beyond Hartford." "Click, click, click." "Wires down beyond Albany." "Click, click, click." "Heavy seas along the coast." "Click, click, click." "Wind blowing 60 miles an hour off Sandy Hook." "Click, click, click." "The storm is raging in Philadelphia—wind 48 miles an hour and increasing in velocity. The storm is almost upon us."

And now "stamp, stamp, stamp." Young Martin was imprinting rapidly upon postal cards the weather predictions for to-morrow. He had nearly a thousand to stamp, and his hand moved rapidly, for they must all be mailed that night.

They were for the country post masters, and the next day all the small towns in the States of New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, through their medium, knew whether to take umbrellas or not when leaving home for the day.

Mr. Bradley had finished his work upon the map before him, had picked up a lantern and muffled himself up in his overcoat.

"I'm going up in the outer tower to take a look at the thermometers," said he. "Would you like to come along? I warn you, though," he added, "before you start, you must bring your nerve along with you, for you are going where no woman has ever gone before."

After that reference to my nerve, what course was left but for me to follow him?

And I did, down those winding stairs until we came to a door which opened out on the roof. We were out in the night air, and the wind was dashing the rain up against me. Over in the distance was a tower which he explained contained the instruments whose variations are recorded in the office.

"We call it the 'thermometer tower,'" he said. "It is not as high as the other tower, but far frailer in construction."

Even in the darkness I could make out the spiral staircase devoid of any protecting walls.

It seemed as though we never would reach the tower. The wind threatened to blow us off our feet. The storm was raging now all about us. My companion had to drag me along. At last we reached the base of the tower, and I could see that spiral stairway winding above me and upward and ever upward. The top seemed to pierce the black sky above us. No light to illumine our path, save a glare from that storm signal which looked out upon us from the darkness like the big red eye that I had seen in my nightmare.

Now, indeed, I was boarding the giant in his very den.

I started upward. Fain would I turn back, but that I was ashamed. The storm giant's arms were about me. He was tugging at my hair. Puff—off goes my hat, out into the darkness. I tried to reach after it; then realized that only a slender iron balustrade was between me and eternity. And I shrank back in terror. We made one round of the stairs, and as we went higher there was a wonderful change. The rain was turned into sleet that cut my face and blinded my eyes. It seemed to cut into the very flesh, as though the storm giant's teeth were already closing over us. But on we went, with our eyes turned upward, for to look below means a dizziness and a fall. The stairs were slippery with ice. The wind was doing its best to blow us from our slender foothold. At every few steps we had to stop and catch our breath, holding on to the frail iron support to keep from being blown away. Our ears were deafened by the awful roar and shrieks of the wind. It was as though the storm king were already gloating over his victory. At last, with trembling limbs, we reached the top, and were within the little chamber in which are the instruments. It offered a momentary protection from the fierce wind. And above us was a ladder which leads to a bridge—the very topmost foothold of all.

We reached the bridge with trembling limbs, and as we did so the storm fairly burst over us. The wind was blowing a thousand times worse than before, it seemed. Shout as we might, we could not hear each other's voices. My companion's arm was tightly about me, and on the strength of that arm my life depended. We could feel the tower shaking beneath us, and oh, the awful black sight of that storm-swept world at our feet. Above us that red eye—a signal of waraing that means the saving of lives.

How I got down that ladder and those awful storm-swept stairs does not matter. I had met the storm giant and was glad to escape with my life.

Panting with exhaustion after our fight against the elements, we fairly dropped into the warm, cozy office. And, oh, how good the light and warmth seemed! And how cozy I felt when I got back to my big arm chair.

"Fifty miles an hour," said Mr. Martin, looking up from his instrument.

"It Seemed as Though We Would Never Reach the Top."

(Sketched from life by a Journal staff artist.)

A Kingly "Rounder."

Leopold of Belgium Horrifies His Royal Relatives.

Sets a Pace That Makes London and Paris Stare with Amazement.

Loves All European Beauties and Makes Conquests of Many of Them.

FILLS QUEEN VICTORIA WITH WOE.

Her Efforts to Reform Him Fail, Although He Is More Than Sixty Years Old — A Citizen King.

London, Jan. 15.—The most scandalous and the best-loved monarch in all Europe is now in London, where he is keeping his good aunt, the Queen, in a cold chill, while he spends his time in the music halls. His Majesty of Belgium, King Leopold II., comes here twice a year and devotes his visit to making merry.

No other monarch in Europe could do as Leopold does without having more trouble on his hands than he could look after.

He has chiefly French blood in his veins. He is the grandson of Louis Philippe, and has all that distinguished sovereign's easy morality, with an added dash of Flemish boldness that has enabled him to carry on his intrigues with unprecedented openness. Yet the Belgians seem to love him none the less for his open gallantry.

"The French love him who loves the woman," was said to account for Henry of Navarre's great popularity with his subjects. Henry was a Huguenot, and it seemed as likely at one time that he would win the favor of the turbulent Parisians as that he would be favored by the Pope of Rome. Yet the time came "when the very paving stones of Paris wept at his taking off." Nothing contributed to this growth of popular favor so much as his daring intrigues with pretty women of high and low degree and his unfailing courtesy to the fair sex and his fine democracy.

With Leopold it is much the same. The masses of the people in Brussels fairly idolize their King. Only the bourgeoise look on him with disfavor. His trips to London and to Paris make them shudder.

These have become a regular institution, almost a royal function, only that all trappings of royalty are rigidly excluded on these occasions.

His visits are a sore affliction to poor Victoria, his aunt. Open scandals have often been avoided only by the narrowest margin. She always sends a state carriage to the station to meet him. He makes it a point never to accept. In this way he avoids placing himself under an obligation that would entitle his aunt to the privilege of giving him a curtain lecture. So he is looked upon with scant favor at Buckingham Palace.

On Leopold's arrival, the other day, at the London station, the royal equipage was in waiting for him as usual, and, as usual, he carefully avoided it. He sent Her Majesty's outfit back with a message of profound obligation, but announced that he preferred to walk. Then, with his trusty secretary, who is always his companion in his journeys about town, Leopold proceeded to a near by hotel, where he registered "incog." After dining quietly he started out to make the rounds of the music halls, where he finds his greatest joy, looking for fresh faces.

Scarcely a prominent female music hall performer whom he has not at one time or another favored with his attentions. Bessie Bellwood, who has since joined the ranks of the nobility, by marrying a peer, was under His Majesty's protection for a considerable time. This disctinction of royal favor was one of the chief elements in Bessie's early music hall successes. "'E's the loveliest, kindest man that ever lived," Bessie was wont to inform the members of her circle.

Like all his violent friendships, His Majesty's infatuation for the Bellwood soon wore itself out. But the glory of it remained to Bessie, also the profit. It made her the music hall queen.

Leopold's fancy, in the meantime, wandered on, and this time it lit even lower than the music hall stage, and the consequences gave the British Government a chill that almost proved fatal.

The facts came out in a police court not long after the Belgian King's fancy for Miss Bellwood had run its course. Or, rather, the facts didn't come out. The authorities saw to it that the daily news papers said nothing about the affair, in which Her Majesty's nephew played such an unpleasant part. Certain irreverent weekly papers contained hints of the matter. Truth among others, but the true story was only retailed from month to month at the clubs.

A new police inspector had been put into a certain district. Fired with what New Yorkers know as the "Rooseveltian" spirit, this inspector began a vigorous campaign. He got along very well for a time, and earned the praise of his superiors. Promotion seemed to be fairly within his grasp, when, one unfortunate day, he gathered in a certain Mrs. Jeffries. Now, Mrs. Jeffries was known to have some very powerful friends, a fact of which the new official soon became aware. The morning following her arrest Mrs. Jeffries was arraigned in court before the Honorable Magistrate Peter Edlin. She denied her guilt.

"Well, madam, who is there that will testify to your good character and reputation?" demanded the Magistrate, turning sternly on the prisoner.

Stepping close to the judicial bench, Mrs. Jeffries said: "King Leopold of Belgium will, I am sure, testify to the high character of my name."

"Eh?" gasped His Honor, in horrified tones, while the new Inspector, the court attendants and the spectators almost ceased breathing.

"How dare you make such an assertion?" thundered the Court.

"Oh!" replied the undaunted defendant, turning her head defiantly. "I'll call His Majesty as a witness. He can testify that I am perfectly respectable. He knows me. He"——

"That will do—that will do," hastily interrupted the Court. "We will adjourn this examination. I will ask to see you and your counsel in my private chambers."

The Magistrate, frowning severely on the now thoroughly abashed inspector, retired to his chambers. He returned after what seemed an endless interval. But neither Mrs. Jeffries nor her counsel became visible. It was learned afterward that they had left the building by a rear entrance.

The Honorable Magistrate Edlin announced, curtly, as soon as he had resumed his seat, that he had fined Mrs. Jeffries ten pounds, and directed the clerk to enter judgment for that amount. The money was paid into court by the assistant of Mrs. Jeffries's counsel, and the regular business of the tribunal was resumed.

In less than two years the Magistrate was knighted. He is now Sir Peter Edlin.

Mrs. Jeffries quietly returned to her house, and no attempt has ever been made since to disturb her or interfere with her business in any way. As for the poor inspector, he was transferred to another district, and all hope of promotion has faded out of his life.

Last year the young wife of Henry Crowsmith, a wealthy retired merchant, was missed one night by her adoring husband. Entering her sleeping apartments shortly before midnight, he found that her bed had not been occupied. Her maid—a young French woman—answered confusedly when asked as to the whereabouts of her young mistress. The aged husband became suspicious, and settled himself to wait for his wife's return. His apartments were in another section of the house, and, ordinarily, he retired to them early in the evening, not seeing his wife again until breakfast time. Upon this habit, his wife rested securely, without fear of discovery.

The young wife returned the night her husband's suspicions were aroused just before dawn. The husband was still keeping his vigil in her bedroom. To prevent any chance of alarm, he had compelled the French maid to sit beside him.

Mrs. Crowsmith, armed with a night key, entered the house noiselessly. She almost fainted when, entering her room, she found her husband wild with rage and jealousy. No one knows what followed. The French maid was packed off to Paris next day. Mrs. Crowsmith, it is known, after a stormy scene, made a confession, in which Leopold's name figured.

As nearly as the facts ever developed, it appeared that the Monarch of Belgium had seen her in the street. Her striking youthful beauty had fired his heart. He followed her, and by the use of liberal tips managed to secure an audience.

These facts leaked out sub-rosa. The scandal, as far as it involved mention of Leopold, was never publicly aired. Mr. Crowsmith stated out to make things lively for the royal lover, and it is said even went so far as to name him as co-respondent in the divorce proceedings he instituted. But influences which no loyal Briton could resist, coming from the Queen herself, is it said, were brought to bear and the matter was hushed up. But Mr. Crowsmith secured his divorce and Leopold's conquest is now living in Paris. She was very rich in her own right, and has always maintained a fine establishment. As soon as the scandal had blown over Leopold resumed his attentions to the fair Englishwoman.

The latest affair to attract attention is the liaison between His Belgian Majesty and Mlle. Brandes, a ballet dancer. Her stage name is, or rather was, Mlle. de Merode. The Parisians, who are enormously fond of her, rechristened her "Merodopold." She is all the rage at present in Paris.

This French love of Leopold's has been called the most "beautiful woman in Paris," and no one has arisen to dispute her claim to this title. She is of a cold, classical type, but there is a fire in her eye that fires the heart of the Frenchmen hot and fiercely. They go wild over her.

Leopold succumbed to her charms without a struggle. He poured the choicest flowers and the most brilliant diamonds out on her. Of course, his suit was successful. Parisian theatrical managers do not bolt their stage doors against foreign Kings, and His Majesty was welcomed behind the scenes of the theatre with open arms.

As for Merode, she blossomed out in an "apartment," carriages, footman, everything. She spent money like a princess and bewildered even the Parisians with the lavishness of her display.

It was all that Leopold could do to tear himself away from the French capital on this occasion. He does not permit the cares of state to sit too heavily on him when his heart has been touched, as he has shown a number of times. On one occasion there was a great hue and cry in his capital because he disappeared in the midst of important negotiations on a Government matter. Neither his Ministers nor his family had his address. No one knew of his whereabouts. Messengers with important Government dispatches went flying hither and thither, but their search for him was vain. The Ministers were exasperated, and the papers took the matter up publicly. But Leopold remained serenely in seclusion, and for twelve days no one got a glimpse of him. Then he reappeared as suddenly as he had gone, calm and unconcerned. He refused to make any explanations, and took up the affairs of his little nation just where he had left them off.

But when he came across Merode he was not in a position to disappear. Everybody knew of his presence in Paris, of his infatuation, and even Leopold, bold as he is, could not openly remain in Paris dangling forever at the heels of an opera dancer while the business of his Government was going to the dogs for want of attention.

So he tried to arrange matters by having Merode transfer her residence to Brussels. He had the managers of the Theatre Royal in his capital make her a handsome offer for an engagement at the Belgium capital.

Merode is a true Parisienne, and she refused. That she was secured of the King's continued friendship, even in the face of this refusal, seems to be indicated by the fact that the Parisienne has found business requires her presence in London at this particular time when Leopold is there. The French papers announced with much regret that "Mlle. de Merode has gone on a flying visit" to the English metropolis.

Anybody except a politician can see this remarkable King. His daughters were sent to the public schools. There are three. One of them is the widow of the unfortunate Rudolph, Archduke of Austria, who committed suicide some years ago under distressing circumstances.

THE DOCTOR IN DUELS.

Rules for the Guidance of Medical Men on the Field of Honor—Medicines That Are Necessary.

Duelling has become so common of late in all Spanish countries, especially in Spain and Cuba since the outbreak of the present insurrection, that Dr. Federico Montaldo, a well-known surgeon in the Spanish navy, has considered it necessary to publish a set of rules for the guidance of medical men who may be mixed up in duels in their professional capacity. He calls his little book "The Doctor in Duels." His ideas upon the subject, closely translated, are as follows:

Rule 1.—The doctor who is compelled to assist professionally in a duel—and I believe that none will seek excuses when called upon to render their assistance—should first acquaint himself with the conditions of the affair of honor, such as armament, place, time, etc., having a conference with the seconds and the least possible communication with the principals. These last will not tell him anything interesting nor give him much satisfaction.

Rule 2.—He should have with him, unless he has taken it thither beforehand, which is always better, a bottle of carbolized solution or a sublimate solution. He should also have a package of cotton, three or four needles threaded with silver or horsehair, two antiseptic dressing cases, French or German ones being the best, because they take up least room; three or four instruments, consisting of ligating forceps, scalpels, bisturi and a pair of scissors; a few strong roller bandages, a few pieces of adhesive plaster and some ergot.

Rule 3.—The arms having been picked out and measured, he should proceed to disinfect carefully the inferior third of the blade of each weapon with the carbolized solution and the cotton cited above, showing the seconds what he is doing and at the same time giving up the arms immediately. He then retires to the greatest distance compatible with a quick intervention in case of necessity.

Rule 4.—As soon as a wound is inflicted and his services are requested, he should respond promptly. But he must never interfere of his own accord. From the moment he has been called upon to treat the wounded party, the injured man is under his exclusive domain. Whatever he says in regard to the continuation, suspension or termination of the duel is what prevails and must be respected.

Rule 5.—The doctor who assists in a duel is responsible for his patient, even more so than the second—more, even, than the authorities—until he has formally turned him over to a medical colleague.

Rule 6.—The doctor in this, as in all his public manifestations of his ministry—which I will not call a sacred one, but a very praiseworthy one—should always maintain discretion and strict reservation, fleeing from all that would place him in ridicule, because this last would place his patient in a foolish position and at the same time would alarm his family more than ever.

A New Orleans Dog.

[Detroit Free Press.]

August Abert, a baker doing business in New Orleans, owns an intelligent dog, Fifine, that keeps his master's shop for him, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. Albert has a little bake-room behind the shop, and as he always gives his personal attention to the oven, Fifine proves invaluable in waiting upon customers. The dog carries strapped about her neck a little bank whose slot is arranged to receive nothing more nor less than a nickel. The customer may help himself to a loaf from the counter, but woe betide one who tries to depart without depositing the requisite nickel in Fifine's bank. If more than one loaf is taken, an equal number of deposits must be made in the bank or Fifine will know the reason why. She knows very well how to use her teeth in case of necessity, though she is usually as mild as a lamb, and quite a favorite with her customers, but if her master should be needed, she has only to pull the bell-rope which communicates with the bake-room and he is on the spot.

MACHINE TO MEASURE BRAINS.

A Wonderful Invention That Makes Startling Revelations.

The Pendulant Chronoscope Tells Whether People Are Bright or Dull.

In Use in the School of Pedagogy in the University of New York.

THE RESULTS OF MANY TESTS.

Girls on the Average Are Brightest at Six and Dullest at Thirteen—Other Instruments to Measure the Mental Calibre of Children.

A MACHINE to measure brains, known as the pendulant chronoscope, is in operation in the School of Pedagogy in the University of New York. A child is shown a shutter and told to press a button as soon as the shutter drops. The interval between the dropping of the shutter and the pressing of the button shows how quickly the child can respond to an optical impression. The children who respond the most quickly are the smartest, and the schools of the future will grade them accordingly.

Charts, giving the results of a great many experiments, prove that girls are brighter, on the average, at six years old than seven, and that after seven they get bright again, and also that they are dullest at thirteen. The pendulant chronoscope that is responsible for these charts shows, too, that boys average better than girls in brightness and general capability. One chart gives the results of experiments in seeing double objects. It shows that the girls were markedly better in this test than the other.

Handwriting is deemed of great consequence at the school, and the subject is examined with scientific accuracy. Professor Shaw, the dean, says, for example, that they have made seven thousand tests for the sake of comparing vertical with sloping handwriting, but that the results have not, as yet, been fully enough examined to hazard a conjecture as to which will prove the better way. They have also made elaborate tests to discover when fatigue begins, in writing, and when speed begins to decrease. With many people fatigue begins before the writing does, but that isn't the kind of answer that the professors looked for. They found that, on an average, speed does not begin to decrease until the twenty-fourth line, but that before that, in rapid writing, fatigue has begun, and is shown in nervous twitchings in the letters. In these tests, the line "John is flying his paper kite," is used, for it has eleven long letters, and the combinations and forms are admirable for the desired purpose.

Some of their tests include the writing of adults, as well as of children, and Professor Shaw says that journalists are decidedly the most rapid writers as a class.

"Their writing is always well formed," as he courteously expresses it, but, as he truthfully adds, "it is hard to read."

Another machine in the school is the plethismograph, which finds how intelligent a child is by its general nervousness. It is a little rubber bellows, attached to a rubber tube, which carries a small lever. The bellows is placed against the wrist, at the pulse, and the heartbeats make little gusts of air pass through the bellows in such a way as to move the lever and record the beats. How a child is affected by various experiences and feelings may thus be accurately known, as the machine will record it all. It is intended to fasten a plethismograph on a girl's wrist in the morning and not take it off till the day's schooling is over. Then the record will be examined, and the teacher can see just how everything has affected the girl during the day.

In some respects the algometer is the most interesting apparatus of all. The school has not one as yet, but is going to get it. It is an instrument that will show the amount of pain that can be endured. It is like a small pump, with a spring balance in the handle. A piston, with a metal disk at the end, projects from the tube. The disk is pressed against the child until a pain is felt, and the brighter it is the sooner it cries out. Not brighter because it stops the pain by crying, but because it has better brain power. A dullness to pain proves dullness of mind.

The possibilities of such an instrument are wonderful. Examinations for West Point or for the colleges will no longer be matters of long study and careful examinations, but the mental tests will be rapidly and scientifically applied. The candidate who will stand punishment without flinching will be promptly rejected, and the effects of this new system on the school life and athletics of the future will be radical and far-reaching.

A KING AS AN EDITOR.

One of New Zealand's Ex-Potentates Publishes a Newspaper.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

One of the most interesting of newspapers is the New Zealand Te Pakio Matariki, or Pleiades, or Seven Stars. It enjoys the distinction of having a king for an editor. His Royal Highness Tawhiao is not, it is true, an independent sovereign, like Emperor William, but when he descends from the royal throne to the editor's "easy chair," then, indeed, is he monarch of all he surveys, even of that otherwise independent personage, the "printer's devil."

The Pleiades is a small, eight-page paper, three columns on a page. It is printed in the English and native tongues. Sometimes the translation is in the centre column, sometimes in one of the outside columns.

The Maori language is a Polynesian dialect. It closely approaches that of the Sandwich Islands, of the Navigators' group, and of Rarotonga. Natives of these mutually understand one another.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Disappears.

[Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.]

Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt, who for the past two years has been a conspicuous figure in society and in the newspapers, has disappeared and has become Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont. Some days since she informed the New York reporters that she intended to marry Mr. Belmont on January 28; but as she was in some haste to be married again, she contracted matrimony with Belmont on January 11. No one was present except her sister, Miss Smith, who has been dependent upon her charity for some years past. Mayor Strong, of New York, performed the ceremony. The selection of a civil magistrate was such an unusual feature on the part of a woman who rather adores clergymen and bishops that her action is unexplainable. The couple are now sojourning at Belmont's cottage in Newport, and will soon depart for Europe, to remain absent for some years. She takes her two children with her and one of Mr. Belmont's, he having been previously married. Both parties are divorcees. Oliver Belmont had a good deal of trouble with his first wife, because his father decidedly disapproved of his marriage to a lady in Newport who had little or no fortune.

From the givings out of the Duke of Marlborough's business agent in England, it is not probable that Mrs. Belmont will be much of a visitor at Blenheim Castle, for the agent positively announces that the Duke of Marlborough "will brook no interference with his domestic affairs." Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt has made herself notorious by the lavish expenditure of her former husband's money and by the imperious temper which she has of late years exhibited. The possession of great wealth turned her head, and she acted at times in the arbitrary manner of Queen Elizabeth. It is said by a great philosopher that prosperity subverts more than adversity. Very few women or men are able to long withstand the glaring light of an unclouded sun.